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and, not content with this, a vast number of them went to the duke's palace at the Savoy, where, missing his person, they plundered his house."

But the tumult did not end here. While the mob were rioting in the town, murdering a clergyman in mistake for the Earl Marshal, and committing various other acts of unwarrantable violence, the duke proceeded to the house of peers, and preferred a bill against the City of London to deprive it of its privileges, and alter its jurisdiction. In the midst of the tumult Wycliffe escaped from the city.

Once more Wycliffe sought the retirement of his favourite Lutterworth. But not for long was he allowed to repose amidst its quiet scenery. The church, baffled in its first endeavour to punish the boldness of the divine, resolved to make another attempt to exterminate both him and the new doctrines which he taught. New summonses arrived from Rome, and Wycliffe was again called to appear. Once more therefore—this time at Lambeth, and fortunately without the protection of Lancaster and his soldiers—the aged man appeared: but, in the midst of the explanation and defence of Wycliffe, a mandate from the queen-mother, the widow of the Black Prince, stopped all further progress. The legal proceedings were set aside, and the notion of imprisonment for opinion alone, as being contrary to the laws of England, rejected; and Wycliffe was dismissed by the prelates, with the injunction "not to preach any more those doctrines which had been objected to."

But a nobler work than defending himself from factious accusations now engaged his attention: no less a work than the translation of the Bible into English. The "Gospel Doctor," despite of the opposition of Courtenay and the ecclesiastics, succeeded in his design; and, though Bishop Arundel declared it "a dangerous thing to translate the Holy Scriptures out of one tongue into another, for in a translation the same sense is not easily kept," the English Bible of Wycliffe was eagerly sought for and perused by the people.

Courtenay, Bishop of London, was strenuous in his opposition to Wycliffe; and, as the Reformer himself was protected from the effects of his power, he violently persecuted his followers, who were called Lollards. This name is supposed to have been derived from Walter Lollardus, one of the teachers of these truths on the continent, or from a German word which signifies psalm-singers.

Richard II. countenanced Courtenay in persecuting the Lollards, and a proclamation was issued against all persons who should teach or maintain these opinions, or possess any of the books and pamphlets written by Wycliffe and his followers. Many suffered imprisonment, and were required to do penance under the most degrading circumstances; although it does not appear that any were actually put to death during this reign.

Having finished his translation of the Scriptures, Wycliffe again became obnoxious to the clergy. It had long been a political tenet among certain of the clergy, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and, therefore, the Bible had been locked up from the common people. But Wycliffe was not satisfied with exposing this religious tyranny: he ventured to attack the grand doctrines of his opponents in what he called his "Sixteen Conclusions." These conclusions being reluctantly condemned by the Chancellor of Oxford, at the instigation of Courtenay, at this time primate, Wycliffe appealed to the king and parliament; but being deserted by his fickle patron, the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to make a kind of recantation at Oxford, before Courtenay, six bishops, and other clergymen, who had condemned his doctrines as heretical; and by the king's order was expelled the university, where he had annually read lectures on divinity.

Once more, and finally, the persecuted Wycliffe found an asylum at Lutterworth, but giving fresh provocation by his writings, he was again exposed to the vengeance of his enemies. But Providence delivered him from human hands. He was struck with a palsy soon after, but still attended divine worship; till a repetition of this fatal malady carried him off, in his church at Lutterworth, in December, 1384, and he was buried in its chancel.

The malice of his enemies, however, sought him in the grave. The council of Constance, in 1415, passed a decree, condemning forty-five articles of his doctrines; and, pronouncing him to have died an obstinate heretic, ordered that his bones should be dug up and thrown upon a dunghill. The execution of this act of malice was deferred till the year 1428. But in that year, Fleming, then Bishop of Lincoln, sent his officers to Lutterworth. The grave of Wycliffe was opened, and his bones taken out and burned. The ashes being carefully collected, were thrown into the Swift, a brook which flows near the town: his enemies thinking, no doubt, that his name and doctrines, as well as his remains, would perish for ever. But they have been disappointed; for, as Fuller observes, "the Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were made the emblems of his doctrines, which have been dispersed all the world over."

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

FROM THE "LITERARY FABLES" OF YRIARTE.

A country squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile)
Had built a splendid house, and furnished it

In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend; "for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,

If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the squire with glee,
"The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be

The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode
And rarest wood, befitting every way

A squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch

Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomps of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried

Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,

A plaguy price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thought, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books

Were made of wood.

"It shall be so, I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal

Its nakedness.

"And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),

Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In bindings some; and some, of course, in boards,
Where all were wood.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd
The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last

Supremely vain?

What wonder as he paced from shelf to shelf,
And conn'd their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself

A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—for painted books

Would serve as well.